

Campbell Interurban Press

VOLUME 20, No. 4.

CAMPBELL, SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

FRIDAY, JULY 31, 1914

Banquet Tea

Uncolored Japan, Ceylon, and English Breakfast, all fine quality, neat and sanitary packages, 1-2 lbs and 1 lb.

Banquet Butter, always good, try it.

Pure Baking Powder, in bulk, 30c lb. Why pay more. **COFFEE**. We have four kinds. 30, 35 and 40c. Surely one will please you.

THE Farmers Union

Your Magazine Subscription

Harry C. Smith, Sub. Agent

THIS IS YOUR BANK

We want you to feel that we are here to render service to the public—to you personally.

Whether it be in safeguarding your funds or advising you on business matters, we shall treat you as we treat all our patrons—with the best service and impartiality. There is no middle ground in our dealings with customers. The small depositor will receive just as careful attention as the large.

We have taken every possible precaution to keep your money safely, for our continuance in business means just as much to us as it does to you. Come in and let us show you, in cold figures.

Bank of Campbell

Commercial and Savings

L. M. BEALL

The Campbell Druggist

Carries a full line of Drugs, Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles, Brushes, Combs, Stationery, Periodicals, Books, and a fine stock of that famous

LOWNEY'S CANDIES

at bottom prices.

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Agents for:—

Mt. Diablo Cement

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Tray Shakes at lowest prices (Two Days Notice)

6in. 2ft. Sawn R.W. Shakes 25 Cts. per Bunch

Small orders receive the same attention as large ones.

We are anxious to serve and TO PLEASE.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED MILL WORK OF ALL KINDS.

Wedding invitations, announcements and cards, engraved or printed to your order by the Press Printery.

County Registration

The final tally of registration since the first of the year has been forwarded by County Clerk Pfister to the Secretary of State, showing a total registration in Santa Clara county of 32,568, divided as follows:

Republican	16,000
Progressive	6,493
Democratic	6,783
Prohibition	1,183
Socialist	1,022
Declined to state	1,069
Socialist Labor	2
Independent	1
Nonpartisan	1
Progressive Republican	4

Total 32,568

The purpose of this tally is to enable the Secretary of State to determine what political parties are entitled to a place on the ballot. Registration for the primary election will continue until July 25th. That date is also the last on which transfers for the primary may be made. Registration for the election closes on October 3.

Highland Linen correspondence cards are tasty. Smith has them.

Local and Personal

Try that new Heartside stationery just in at Smith's.

Rev. Atkinson went to Capitola this week to bring the children home from their outing.

Misses Mary and Mildred Beaver of Palo Alto were guests of the Misses Cook this week.

The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. F. S. Newcomb on Wednesday, August 5th, at 2:30 o'clock.

The R. E. Dunphy and J. W. Rice families will go to Capitola for two weeks of sea air.

Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Cramer autoed to San Francisco, Monday, taking Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Isham with them.

Rufus Preston of Modesto arrived Tuesday evening to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Preston.

For Sale: 20 Belgian Hare and Flemish Giants, breeding year old rabbits, \$1 each. Near Moore station, Campbell. J. G. Masel.

A daughter was born Saturday afternoon, July 25th, to Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Bray. Mr. Bray is foreman at the J. E. Weisendanger ranch.

F. O. Putnam went to the office of Rosenberg Bros. packing company Saturday to take up the book work for the firm. He will probably remain there permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Duncan and the Misses Marion Duncan and Helen Marshman went over to the Redwood Park, Saturday, and camped over Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Allison.

Mr. Jos. Bohnett went to Lake County Friday to take a few plunges in the sulphur baths at the springs for his health. He will also take a few for his friends who can't spare the time for the dip.

Wilma Smith was hostess to a dozen of her girl friends on Monday afternoon, the occasion being her seventh birthday. The usual games were followed by ice-cream and cake, the refreshments and decorations being in pink.

J. D. Sawyer, candidate for township constable, demonstrated his prowess at "catchin' 'em" while at the coast Tuesday. He landed three fine salmon the big one weighing 27 pounds.

Brother Thackeray is champeen cucumber raiser in this neck of the woods, bye Heck. He is showing one at the PRESS office that weighs 29 ounces and hasn't begun to turn yellow. There's a reason. His are all stall-fed.

C. B. Miracle and Leslie Conant left Monday by auto for Zenia, Trinity county on a combined business and pleasure trip. C. B. has some fine bucks pastured out up there and went up to pick off one of them.

Prof. I. W. Snow was down from Berkeley Thursday, where he had completed his summer school course. He leaves Sunday morning for a week or ten days in the Yosemite, staying with a party of Berkeley students at Camp Arrow.

W. D. Sturtevant and sons, Elwood and Howard, and Ernest Hoerler left Wednesday morning by auto for a three week's vacation trip to Lake Tahoe, where they will fish and hunt. They expect to be back about August 15, with a few evidences of the sport enjoyed.

Miss Edith Bent and her mother, Mrs. C. H. Bent will leave their home on San Tomas road to spend a few days in San Jose before leaving for Colorado. Miss Bent's fiancé will meet them in Salt Lake City where the wedding will take place. Miss Bent has been with the Garden City Abstract Co for several years, during most of the time living on their ranch. They have sold their property to W. E. Wright who will occupy it at once.

Blaine Believes in Advertising

John D. Blaine, successor to Campbell Rochdale Company and one of Campbell's most energetic hustling business men, is a thoro believer in persistent, insistent and consistent advertising. He reports a most encouraging increase in the volume of his business and stated that he gave a great deal of the credit to his advertising. You will notice he has increased his ad and expects to reap a corresponding patronage.

His Application

County Clerk H. A. Pfister relates a funny incident that occurred in his office the other day.

A Jew wished to be naturalized, and applied to the clerk in the office, who requested him to fill out a blank which he handed him. The first three lines of the blank contained the following: "Name," "Born," "Business."

He answered: "Name—Jacob Levinski." "Born—Yes." "Business—Rotten."

Leasing to Orientals Would Be a Result of Eight-Hour Law

The proposed eight-hour law in California was the subject of recent discussion at a meeting of the California Development Board. Commenting on this meeting the San Francisco Chronicle in an editorial says:

At a meeting of the California Development Board the opinion was freely expressed that the enactment of the proposed eight-hour law would transfer our fruit industries to Orientals.

It probably would to the extent that Orientals are available, for it would not be possible to carry on any fruit industry under the provisions of that law, and it would not be obeyed.

But evasion is easier than rebellion, and the simplest way to escape the provisions of the proposed act would be to sell or lease the orchards and vineyards to co-operative companies, in which each partner being an owner he could work as many hours as he pleased.

The Orientals are accustomed to co-operation of that kind and readily fall into it. White men might gradually grow into it, but we have not the genius for co-operation that Orientals, and especially Chinese, possess, and nothing is more certain than that farmers who should find themselves thus driven from their occupation would make leases to Orientals as rapidly as possible.

Unquestionably it would put an end to further investment in orchards—or in anything else—in California, for nobody with money free to invest anywhere would think of coming to California to settle.

We should get immigrants enough, but they would be exclusively of that class which has no money and desires to do the least possible amount of work. The workingmen of the class which develops into owners would seek localities where energy and thrift have full opportunity to produce their results.

Look Out For Him

A dapper smooth-talking swindler is doing the "rubes" throughout the San Wuakeen valley in great shape, getting cash deposits on suits of clothes that are never delivered. He shoved splinters into several prominent Lodi citizens, and then broke them off, in his game. Look out for him. He's coming this way.—Pajaronian.

Shooting at Snake, Teamster Turns up Rich Vein of Gold

San Bernardino, Cal.—W. E. Noble, a desert teamster, took a shot at a rattlesnake in Calico canyon, Nevada, a few days ago. The bullet broke off a piece of rock that resulted in Noble's discovery of a gold and silver vein. A rush for the scene has started.

Noble's strike runs \$150 gold and 900 ounces of silver to the ton. Noble has freighted through the region many years, passing within a few feet of the ledge that now will make him rich.

"Father" of Eugenics Would Judge Babies a La Live Stock

St. Paul, Minn.—O. M. Plummer, of Portland, Ore., called the "father" of the eugenics movement, arrived today and will address the National Educational association meeting Tuesday.

"I am not a scientist, but I conceived the idea of better babies after watching the judging of live stock for many years," said Mr. Plummer, who is secretary-treasurer of the Union Stock Yards of Portland and manager of the Pacific Live Stock exposition.

"I can see no reason why babies should not be judged by the live stock standard."

Summer Shooting

Many a man, and many a boy, prides himself on being a good shot, and being able to hit a bird on the wing. But it he knew that many birds are half killed, and die a lingering death, he would not be proud. Neither would he boast, if he knew, that he had killed a mother bird, and that all the nestlings slowly starved to death. It would no longer be fun for man or boy if he knew and thought what one shot may do.

Can Get Another Dog

One night when the husband came home he found his wife sobbing. "Oh, John!" she cried, "I set my cake on the front porch for the frosting to dry and Fido ate it." "Well, well," he said, "never mind. We can get another dog."

Buying Time by the Can

"Time and tide wait for no man." Time is waiting, however, right here on the store shelves, waiting for you to buy! To illustrate; it takes about fifteen minutes to shell enough fresh peas for a small family. The cooking requires thirty minutes, making a total of forty-five minutes. Del Monte Canned Peas are thoroughly cooked and five minutes on the stove will heat them. Forty minutes saved to you. These minutes are, in effect, sealed up in the can for your benefit along with peas. For 15c you buy nineteen ounces of peas and forty minutes of time—well worth the price. Del Monte Peas are good, so good that they are better than the average home cooked. Next week I am going to explain why this is so.

DEL MONTE PEAS ARE ONLY 15C A CAN.

John D. Blaine

Dealer in Groceries & General Merchandise

C. H. WHITMAN

Hardware Plumbing

Surface Irrigation Pipe

Building Paper

Poultry Netting

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Ready Mixed Paints & Oils, Glass etc.

Campbell

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Josef Halamicek

Teacher of Piano, Violin, Organ and Harmony. Private and Class lessons. For information and rates of tuition. Phone: Campbell 18F12.

Residence: Campbell, Santa Clara and Los Gatos road cor. Parr ave.

Christian Science Services

In Odd Fellows' Hall every Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock. Subject for Aug. 2nd is "Love." Sunday-School at 12:15. The public is cordially invited.

Congregational Church

"The Friendly Church just around the Corner."

The morning theme for next Sunday will be "A Pivoted Journey to an Unknown hand." Short talk to the boys and girls on "Compass." Sunday-School and Endeavor as usual. Union Service in the evening in our Church. Mrs. L. W. Owen who for 25 years or more has been actively in boy's work will speak at the Union meeting. Theme, "Pictures from Real Life." Little, big, good, bad and indifferent are invited. Union service. 7:30 P. M.

GEO. E. ATKINSON, Pastor.

Pluck Wins

Pluck wins! It always wins! though days be slow And nights be dark 'twixt days that come and go. Still pluck will win; its average is sure; He gains the prize who will the most endure; Who faces issues; he who never shirks; Who waits and watches and who always works. —Anon.

WANTED

at the

Capitol Market Co.

Campbell

California

Your beef Cattle Hogs & Calves

A. S. Gilson, Mgr.

W. E. Wyett, Eyesight Specialist

Of the Office of

Harmon and Wyett, 11-12 Ryland Block. San Jose, will be in Campbell, at Dr. Merrill's Office, every alternate Monday, which will be every two weeks. Next date AUGUST 3. Eyes examined and glasses prescribed by the latest and most scientific methods. No drugs or surgery used.

Easy Money

"Sonny, I'll give you a nicker if you will get me a lock of your sister's hair," said a young man to his sweet-heart's small brother. "I'll get it all for you if you'll give me a quarter. She lays it on the dresser every night."

BEWARE OF SPEEDY SURGEON

Authoritative Opinion Is That Expert Must Take Time to Do Really Careful Work.

"Beware of the surgeon who has a record for speed in performing operations," advises Sir Berkely Moynihan in his recent address before the British Medical association. The great difference in shock and prostration following different cases of the same operation is usually the result of opposite methods.

The gentle surgeon who handles the tissues and organs as if they were his own and avoids bruising or insulting the nerves as if they were awake and conscious must take much more time for his work.

The operator who works with one eye on the clock lacerates, tears and upsets a patient's internal economy, and he is much more likely to overlook something. Second operations most frequently follow quick, brilliant first performances.

Doctor Moynihan refers to the tactics of the brilliant speed record holders as "canine methods." Of course, nobody wishes to be upon the operating table a moment longer than necessary, nor to take an extra breath of ether. But the results of a few drops more of anesthetic are negligible and not to be compared with the miseries and often fatal effect of shock.

"The perfect surgeon must have the heart of a lion and the hand of a lady, never the claws of a lion and the heart of a sheep. An operation is done quickly enough when it is done right."

All Nations Smoke.

There is hardly a country in the world where the pipe is not smoked in one form or another.

The Kafir dearly loves his pipe, and, failing the genuine article, will use anything that will hold tobacco—from a piece of iron piping to a cow's horn. When not even these are available he will use the earth! He does this by packing a small hole to hold the tobacco, from which he makes a passage for the smoke by pushing a curved piece of wire through the ground. He then lies face downwards, applies a light to the tobacco, and his lips to the ground, at the spot where he has withdrawn the wire, and smokes in peace.

In many villages of the northwest provinces of India are to be found public hookahs for the use and comfort of travelers.

Everyone has heard of the North American's pipe of peace. General Blucher's pipe-smoking was of a very different character. He appointed a man to the post of "pipe-master," whose duty it was to fill a long clay pipe and hand it to the general before every engagement. Blucher would then enjoy a few whiffs, give back the pipe, and gallop to the firing line.

Just One Minute.

Having finally cornered their victim, certain New York gunmen permitted him one minute in which to pray. Then they gave him the usual quietus and went about their business as active New Yorkers are expected to do.

The prayer of Labby the Lout isn't known. It probably embodied a frantic appeal for some miraculous interposition between the expected bullets and his own vulnerable person.

And while he prayed the grim gunmen stood by ready, watchful, inexorable.

It was a tragic incident—a tragedy with melodramatic trimmings—and its most pitiful feature was the readiness of these young murderers to execute what may have been some fancied call for justice—the justice that prompts murderers to eliminate traitors and informers and spies.

So Labby the Lout had his moment for prayer—and breathed out his life and his amen together.

Radium Found in Salvador.

Information has just been obtained that in the Central American republic of Salvador a reasonably certain find of radium has been located. This deposit was discovered at Cerro Pelon, in one of the northern departments, Sensuntepeque, not far from its chief town.

The discovery was made by an English engineer who some years ago made careful study of the mineralogy of the district and took home with him samples from the mines there. An assay of these samples showed a very complex combination of minerals, but at that time little value was placed on them.

Recently this engineer made further analysis in the light of his larger experience and they gave undoubted evidences of containing radium, and two qualified engineers were sent over to make further and more detailed investigations of the ores.

For a Moment He Was Alarmed.

When Grout P. Smith, a philosophically-inclined citizen of Petunia, reached home the other evening, the hired girl, a loquacious person, met him at the gate, all a-flutter with excitement.

"Oh, Mr. Smith," she hissed, "a book agent was here this afternoon, and he held your wife on his lap!"

"That so?" was the reply. "I was afraid you were going to say he sold her a set of cyclopedias."—Kansas City Star.

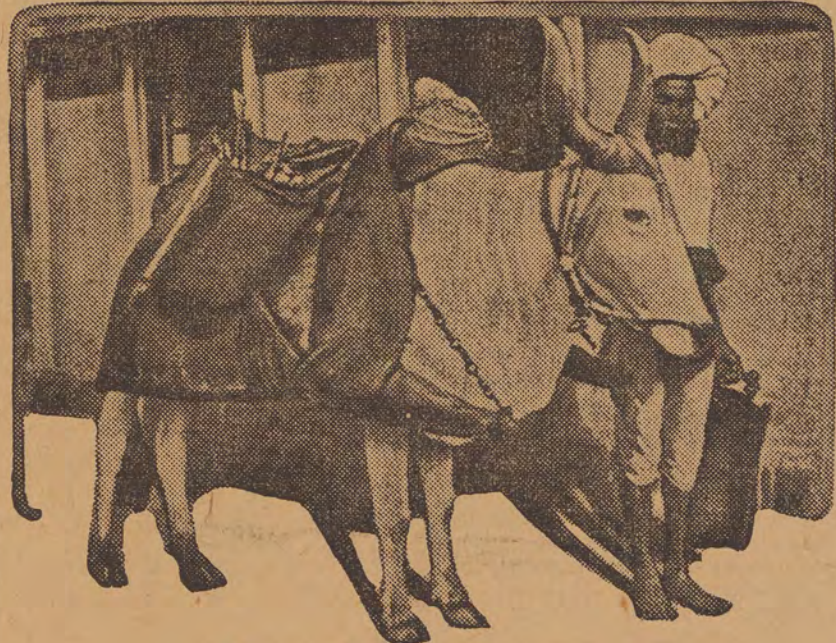
Coolie Occupations in India

IN India the water carrier who owns his bullock is of the prosperous type, therefore he is not obliged to carry the load on his head, but often he is a pensioner of the maharaja on whose land he lives and is retired from active service save to carry water for his own family and neighbors who live in proximity to his bungalow. The bullock, with necklace of bells, the ribbon harness run through his nostrils, looks sleek and well fed, a quite unusual sight in India, where coolies must work with their bullocks from dawn to sunset. Dawn, by the way, begins at 2.00 a. m. At three o'clock it is daylight, and shortly after that the sun begins to show himself in a very unmistakable manner.

This old man rises at dawn, takes the bullock to the well, fills the bags, then goes on to those who buy water for household purposes. After that he may lay the dust on the public road if that is in his contract, or, if not, he goes home and rests during the terrific heat of the noon hour and starts out again when the heat abates, about four o'clock.

Arak Seller and Tapper.

Arak is the native tippie, and jolly drunk it can make them when taken after fermentation. The coolies in climbing strap themselves to the palm tree from whence they take the sap. It is the favorite drink of the native and of a light greenish color, thickish and very sweet until after fermentation, which takes about ten days. It is a near cousin to the mescal drink of Mexico. When a coolie is equipped to sell his wares, he puts the stuff in the two large brass urns, with long chains attached, and balancing them on the pole over his shoulder he peddles from door to door or from paddy field to field where the rice growers work. The weight of these brass kettles or trus is heavy, but balanced properly



"BHISTI" or WATER CARRIER

It is minimized; yet the heat and the weight make clothes a torture. Therefore these men wind the saree around the loins only, leaving the arms and legs free.

The barber is a very important person in every household in India. He comes daily in the morning and usually shaves everybody. Hair with some sects is considered unclean, and it is a mistake to consider the East Indian in this light. The coolie caste pay rice just as the others pay a rupee to be clean shaved every day. It is only old men who wear beards. The young men sometimes have ambition for a mustache because of British example. The Sahib and the Mem sahib are responsible for many changes of fashion in India.

Men do women's work in India and the women men's. The tablecloth makers, for instance, do what might be termed oriental needlework. They take a square of oriental cloth of whatever color, texture and price the person orders and upon this square is wrought with many colored silks, tinsel and bullion the pattern selected by the buyer. Indian red, blue, purple, black or white will form the background, and the result is beautiful, sometimes gorgeous. They are, of course, very badly paid for this trying work to their eyesight, and it is a very good thing native workmen live on grain food, else they would starve to death on the remuneration given. A road mender only commands four annas a day, about sixteen cents, and must furnish his own bharb (rice), while his assistant, generally a woman—wife or daughter—gets two annas. Workmen are very clever in India. Working with few tools of ancient design, they accomplish much better results than could be expected, especially the ivory cutters, the needle workers and the jewel stringers, and last, but not least, the cook, who serves hot a seven-course dinner cooked with not more than four kitchen utensils.

Too much cannot be said about the fishermen. That they must be clever in handling the boat goes without saying, because it is virtually a tree hollowed in the center, which holds three men and all the fish they are able to catch at one time.

Fishermen Are Experts.

Deep-sea fishing in such a boat would be dangerous to most, but these coolie fishermen are experts, and to see them launch and ride out over the breakers in this home-made craft is as interesting as it is difficult. At one time the government had its hands full trying to make the natives wear clothes, particularly the fishermen, who might, even with all their cleverness, have an accident and topple into the sea. At first they were obdurate, then a compromise was made, and now the cap and loin cloth are worn as a compliment to the strenuous protests of those who thought this a sign of progression with the native.

They are well-set-up men, tall, slender, their flesh as hard as nails and with the strength of a Hercules. The deftness in handling a boat comes of long practise in riding the waves, because, like the silversmith family, occupation descends from one generation to another. Their fishing nets are made at home, and to see them come in with a netful of fish is to more admire the cleverness with which they handle boat and nets. To watch the launching of boats and the riding out over the breakers without upset makes one long to be a fisherman.

In Ceylon, India, this kind of fishing (?) is not restricted to natives. All kinds of men try their luck at pearl fishing and a few women, because it means a fortune eventually if one can stand the stench. Few people can; it is a kind of stench the nostrils seem almost never to become accustomed or able to entirely ignore.

A few stick at it and reap the reward, but it is a hard-earned fortune at best and rather a gamble. It is like

"I happen to know," says he, when I had finished, "where you can land a job most suitable to your peculiar talents. This feller, Hagan, who is playin' 'Julius Caesar' at the Grand Opera house, is shy a couple of centurions. "Nature has cast you in the mold of a centurion," he goes on, runnin' a critical eye over my contour. "You've the build an' the air of one. Why don't you go up an' make a try for it?" "Who do I want to see up there?" says I, brightenin' up with hope. "The stage doorkeeper is a good friend of mine," says Andy. "I'll give you a note to him. Go up an' see him an' he'll put you wise."

"An' that is how it came about that on the same evenin' I trod the boards in 'Julius Caesar,' with an undecent pair of tights encasin' my legs, a dinky little skirt dancin' from my waist, a bit of tin armor on my chest, an' a brass helmet which sported a plume of rooster feathers for a lid.

"For two weeks I led a care-free life, disportin' my immodest tights every night, doin' my groans an' my bellers an' drawin' my pay regular every Monday. I might have been doin' the same yet if my heart hadn't got away with my sense an' I hadn't give 'Julius Caesar' a much-needed chastisement one night when the house was packed. "This feller, Hagan, who was doin' the title role of the show, was a pompous, crabbed sort of a chap. He was always orderin' every one about an' makin' a most amazin' fuss if everything didn't go just as he wanted it to. He had a wife—nice little clingin' sort of a creature that thought the sun rose an' set by him. He was forever findin' fault with her an' abusin' her something fierce, but she used to stand for it all with never a murmur.

"She was cast for a small part, an' if she didn't do it just to suit his lordship's taste—which was frequent—the way he'd run on an' the names he'd call her was enough to make your blood run cold. But I never saw him abuse her except with his tongue, till this night I'm tellin' you about, when I resigned from the company sorter sudden.

"Hagan must 'a' been drinkin' pretty hard, an' when it came time for the evenin' performance he was in his crankiest frame of mind. "Mrs. Hagan was watchin' him anxiously, but, once he got goin' he seemed to sober up all right, an' the show run on smooth as clockwork, with 'Julius Caesar' gettin' the glad hand every time he stuck his nose out of the wings, for, somehow, he was outdoin' himself.

"After this first scene of his he come marchin' off the stage most majestic, but the minute he hit the wings he seemed to lose his grip on himself an' to go all to pieces. He stood there for a minute, shakin' an' sort of confused like; then he went staggerin' toward his dressin' room, with his wife, white an' anxious, trailin' after.

"A minute later a door banged viciously, an' even in the wings we could hear Hagan's voice howlin' an' cussin'. "Twas shortly afterward that I caught my tights on a nail in a piece of scenery an' tore 'em something scandalous. It bein' almost time for the centurions to show up again, I rushed down the passageway between the dressing rooms to the property room, meanin' either to get the tear

O'REILLY ON STAGE

Recounting Several Improvements on Shakespeare and the Famous Roman Statesman.

By JOHN BARTON OXFORD.

He sat on the end of the pier, dangling his long legs above the water while he watched the afternoon shadows play hide-and-seek among the spars of the fishing fleet at the next wharf.

His bullet-shaped head was crowned with an aureole of fiery red hair; his protruding jaw gave the impression of dogged determination; but, to offset this, his watery blue eyes, one of which had a decided cast, roved restlessly here and there with an air of melancholy indecision. His name began valiantly with Daniel Webster, and ended—with something of a shock to the senses—in O'Reilly.

Beside him on the pier stringer lounged a smaller and meeker man—a satellite, evidently, if one were to judge him by the manner in which his eyes sought almost reverently O'Reilly's ugly features and the way he hung attentively on O'Reilly's every word.

"Tis bein' too intellectual that begun it," quoth O'Reilly, borrowing the satellite's newly-lighted pipe and puffing away with contented inhalations. "If I hadn't been thinkin' too much of my intellect I wouldn't have been pursuin' borrowed literature behind a pile of packin' cases, an' if I hadn't been pursuin' the literature, the head shipper wouldn't 'a' found me there an' fired me incontinent for doin' the same. As it was, I stuffed the literature into my pocket, said good day to the shipper an' wished him luck, sarcastic, an' havin' drawn the pay that was due me, departed into outer darkness.

"Three weeks I was jobless, an' at the end of that time, what with tollin' not nor spinnin', I found myself facin' the terrible possibility of a personal famine in the midst of plenty. "Twas at that stage of the proceedin's that I run across Andy McConachy—success to the white soul of him! He took me down the street to a place an' listened to my troubles most sympathetic.

"I happen to know," says he, when I had finished, "where you can land a job most suitable to your peculiar talents. This feller, Hagan, who is playin' 'Julius Caesar' at the Grand Opera house, is shy a couple of centurions.

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"Mrs. Hagan was watchin' him anxiously, but, once he got goin' he seemed to sober up all right, an' the show run on smooth as clockwork, with 'Julius Caesar' gettin' the glad hand every time he stuck his nose out of the wings, for, somehow, he was outdoin' himself.

"After this first scene of his he come marchin' off the stage most majestic, but the minute he hit the wings he seemed to lose his grip on himself an' to go all to pieces. He stood there for a minute, shakin' an' sort of confused like; then he went staggerin' toward his dressin' room, with his wife, white an' anxious, trailin' after.

"A minute later a door banged viciously, an' even in the wings we could hear Hagan's voice howlin' an' cussin'. "Twas shortly afterward that I caught my tights on a nail in a piece of scenery an' tore 'em something scandalous. It bein' almost time for the centurions to show up again, I rushed down the passageway between the dressing rooms to the property room, meanin' either to get the tear

sewed up or to get a fresh pair of tights.

"When I come back the door of Hagan's dressin' room was wide open an' I could hear two voices—his wife's, sort of low an' pleadin', and Hagan's roarin' back at her as if she was the inmate of a deaf asylum. I come along more cautions till I got to where I could see through the open doorway.

"Hagan was standin' back to me. In one hand he held a bottle an' in the other a glass. 'Twas plain as the nose on your face that 'Julius Caesar' intended to take a little refreshment. His wife had hold with both hands of the arm that held the bottle. Her eyes were big an' frightened an' she was talkin' fast in a low, scared voice.

"You sha'n't," she was sayin', 'you sha'n't!' "An' then Hagan wrenched himself free. He put the bottle on a chair an', turnin' round, struck her with his fist. "Something seemed to give way inside of me. For a minute I couldn't seem to move, an' I guess it was lucky I couldn't, for there was murder in my soul, an' I guess if I'd got hold of Hagan then I'd have wrung the neck of him.

"But before I could get my wits back sufficient there was a fortunate interruption in the shape of 'Brutus,' who come hurryin' down the passageway to the dressin' room an' pulled Hagan through the door.

"Come, come, Hagan! Where the devil are you?" says he, apparently not noticin' the huddled heap on the trunk. 'Do you want to queer the scene? Come on, now, an' get a grip on yourself.'

"An' off he goes, pushin' Hagan on in front of him.

"I went down the passageway an' got some water in a dipper; then I come back to the dressin' room an' liftin' up the woman on the trunk, I bathed her temples till she opened her eyes an' said 'Thank you,' very weak.

"Then I propped her up comfortable with some costumes an' went out to the wings.

"My head was swimmin' an' red sparks was floatin' in front of my eyes, but I walked into the wings very steady, an' stopped there for a minute to listen. 'Julius Caesar' stood alone near the footlights, swayin' uncertainly while he delivered a soliloquy.

"Only a moment I waited there before I stalked out on the stage, my tin breastplate clankin' an' the rooster feathers in the plume of my helmet streamin' out most virtuous.

"Hagan heard me comin' an' turned round. When his eyes lit on me he fair turned yellow with anger.

"Get out of here!" says he under his breath. "What do you mean, you crazy fool! Get out of here!"

"An' with that he swings round an' goes on with his soliloquy, thinkin', of course, that I'd dive crestfallen into the wings; but he was takin' a chance on uncertainties, for on I stalked an' caught him by the back of the neck with my right hand. The soliloquy stopped sudden; he let out a yell an' began to cuss so violent that I had to hug him up to me an' clap my other hand over his mouth to choke him off.

"Then I turned to the audience, which was starlin' in open-mouthed wonder.

"Ladies an' gentlemen," says I, bowin' in my lowest an' smilin' my sweetest, 'I'm sorry to interrupt 'Julius' soliloquy, but there's a few things that ought to be said, out of fairness to you, before he goes any farther.

"'Julius,' here, ain't just what he seems to be. He's been deceivin' you an' 'tis now my intention to show him up for what he is. When he struts these boards every night an' gets the glad hand from you all good but misguided folks think of him as an upright an' honorable man, which he ain't by no means. He's a low-down, undeservin' hound.

"But, like a good many people of his kind, he's got as good a wife as the Lord ever made. 'Julius' ain't appreciative of this fact. He seems to think she's only something to cuss at an' wipe his feet on. This is his usual course with her, but tonight he went a step farther an' struck her a dirty, cowardly blow in the mouth. All of which makes me think that our friend, 'Julius,' here, is badly in need of chastisin' in public. An' this, if you will kindly give me your undivided attention for a minute, I will proceed to do.'

"All this time Hagan had been buttin' his head into my ribs an' kickin' me in the shins something cruel.

"At the left of the scene was a flight of steps, an', when I'd dragged him thither, down on these I sat, an' after considerable of a struggle I managed to get him across my knees. Then I laid on some good, honest welts with my bare hands, the while he howled an' kicked an' bit most vicious.

"I'd only got in a half dozen or so when a bell tinkled an' the curtain come down with a rush. People came swarmin' from every direction. I let go Hagan, give him a push an' a kick, an' jumped up to defend myself. I was makin' a pretty creditable job of it when 'Brutus' got a stranglehold around my neck an' 'Cassius' tripped me up, an' then 'Mark Antony' gave me a jolt in the short ribs that took the wind clean out of me an' put me down an' out.

"When I come to I was layin' in the alley that runs back of the stage entrance, still togged out in my centurion rig, but with my civilized clothes piled up beside me.

"Say, I'm out of a job, all right, an' I'm on my uppers for fair, but it's worth it.

"I hear Hagan is treatin' her better now."

ON THE FUNNY SIDE



EFFECTIVE FORCE AT WORK

Tiny Bit of Humanity Graphically Describes to Bullying Attorney How He Captured Burglar.

Little Smithson was a meek, nervous-looking five feet of humanity. His manner suggested the probability of his heart breaking were he at any time compelled to kill a fly, even though it were in self-defense.

When, therefore, a burglar paid him a visit one night, he was a bit scared. The nocturnal visitor having been captured, Smithson had to give evidence at the trial.

The prisoner's counsel, a big bullying man, evidently thought he had got an easy job on when little Smithson entered the witness box.

Having described the events prior to the burglar's capture, Smithson said:

"Of course, I got him all right, but I had to use considerable force before he gave in."

"Oh, indeed!" replied the lawyer, with a skeptical smile, as he looked the little man up and down. "And what force was it you used?" evidently scouting the idea that it was of the physical variety.

"Oh," replied Smithson, with a bland smile, "it was the police force."—New York Journal.

Conquered.

Wife (with rolling pin)—Guess this will teach you not to say "my furniture" and "my house." I had the money when you married me, and you must say "our house," "our furniture."

Husband (next morning from under the bed, where he had spent the night)—My dear, can I put on our trousers?

Durn Shame!

Twenty-four Hour Man (with the circus passes)—Where are the bills you should have in your windows? Hickville Storekeeper (irritably)—Aw, why in tarnation didn't yer other advance agent leave managerie pictures instead of lady trapeze artists? The Purity league made me take 'em all down!—Puck.

Improvement.

"Don't you think you could do something with that orchestra to improve my song?" asked the lady soloist at the theater.

"What's the matter with it?" asked the orchestra leader.

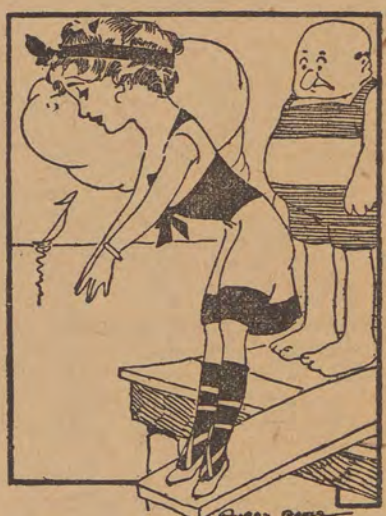
"Why, they could hardly hear my song for that drum."

"Well, we can put in a couple more drums!"

Wanted Definite Information.

"Here's some information, Willie. This paper states that potatoes in Greenland do not grow larger than an ordinary marble," said his father. "I don't call that information, papa," replied the boy; "what size marble does it mean—a clay 'mig' or a china alley?"

A SAFEGUARD.



She—Why is it, Mr. Gotrox, that you have always remained a bachelor? He—I always go into retirement every leap year.

The Sweet Thing!

Mollie—I see new goggles for motorists are fitted at the sides with mirrors so a wearer can see what is approaching from the rear without turning his head.

Chollie—But, dear, they would never prevent my "head being turned" if you were beside me.

Absent-Minded.

Miss Elder—Poor Mr. Dubb is so absent-minded. He bought me a box of candy on his way up to call last evening, and he—

Her Friend—He left it in the street car, I suppose?

Miss Elder—No; he ate it.

CAMPBELL INTERURBAN PRESS

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HARRY C. SMITH

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SOCIETIES.

Masonic Notice

Charity Lodge, No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Cal. Stated meetings held on the second Monday of each month.
C. H. Whitman, W. M.
James Fablinger, Secretary.

Independent Order of Odd Fellows

Morning Light Lodge, No. 42, meets every Thursday evening in Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning brothers are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings.
Howard Trussler, Noble Grand.
E. C. Merrill, Secretary.

Patrons of Husbandry

Orchard City Grange, No. 333, meets on the second and fourth Tuesday evenings at the Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend.
J. E. Wiesedanger, Worthy Master.
Mrs. Edna Keesling, Worthy Secretary.

Fraternal Aid Association

Palm Leaf Council, No. 560, meets on the second and fourth Saturday evenings at Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend.
MR. WM. COUPLAND, President.
Mrs. S. J. Brandenburg, Secretary.

JOHN F. DUNCAN

Notary Public

Office: Bank of Campbell

DR. W. I. MERRILL

Physician and Surgeon

Office Formerly Occupied by Dr. Cooper
Office Hours
1 to 4 and 7 to 8
Holidays and Sundays
12 to 1
Office and Residence
Phone 31 J

L. D. BOHNETT

W. C. BOHNETT

Attorneys and Counselors

313-314 Bank of San Jose Building.
Phone, 2239
Residence, 809 Delmas Ave., Phone, S. J. 5735

DR. T. L. BLANCHARD

Physician and Surgeon

Office: E. O. CURRY BLDG.
Hours, 3:30-5 p. m.
Sundays and holidays 10:11 a. m.
Office Phone, Campbell 451

DR. J. C. WASSON

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CURRY BUILDING CAMPBELL, CAL.
Office Hours
9:30 to 4
Evenings and Sundays
by appointment
Phones
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Office Campbell 451

Dr. Ernest A. Abbott

Dentist

Room 6 PORTER BUILDING
Phone San Jose 2447
San Jose, Cal.

BREAD

Save Money by Buying Tickets

6 Loaves 25c

Phone your orders to phone 3L
Campbell Bakery

DON'T KICK!



If you are not doing as much
business as you should

There's Something Wrong

with your method of attracting
trade.

Try a Campaign of Catchy
Advertising In This
Paper.

Then KICK US if your business
doesn't improve.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Gard who have
been living in the Orange Belt for some
time returned to Campbell yesterday and
will again take up their residence here.
Mrs. Gard will be gladly welcomed to
her former place in the Congregational
choir.

Joseph Vilim, director of the Vilim
American Violin School, Chicago, is here
visiting his friends, the Halamick and
Calas families. He thinks we have one
of the most beautiful spots on earth, and
he has travelled abroad quite exten-

THE GRANGE

Conducted by
J. W. DARROW, Chatham, N. Y.,
Editor of the New York State Grange
Review

GRANGE OFFICIALS.

List of Masters and Secretaries of the
Thirty-two State Granges.

California, master, Joseph Holmes,
Sacramento; secretary, Mrs. Nellie W.
Hunt, Napa.

Colorado, master, John Morris, Gold-
en; secretary, Rudolph Johnson, Niwot.
Connecticut, master, Arthur Sher-
wood, Long Hill; secretary, H. E.
Loomis, Glastonbury.

Delaware, master, Frank C. Ban-
croft, Wyoming; secretary, Wesley
Webb, Dover.

Idaho, master, H. Harland, Payette;
secretary, E. C. Preston, New Ply-
mouth.

Illinois, master, T. A. Denney, Rock-
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umbus; secretary, N. H. Golden, Mish-
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secretary, W. D. Caldwell, Oskaloosa.

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Louth; secretary, A. E. Weed, Lenexa.

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nthiana, R. R. 5; secretary, Mrs. Mabel
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tin.

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Falls; secretary, James Griffin, Chi-
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Solen; secretary, Ray McKaig, Fort
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secretary, E. F. Cranz, Ira.

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Box 400.

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Malone, Draper; secretary, George R.
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Vermont, master, W. N. Cady, Mid-
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dolph.

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water.

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Wisconsin, master, H. M. Culbertson,
Medina; secretary, George H. Rawes,
Tomahawk Lake.

Wyoming, master, A. F. Hart, Car-
penter; secretary, Mrs. W. H. Japeke,
Burns.

Ohio Grange's New Hall.

Wintersville grange, in Jefferson
county, O., has dedicated its new hall.
Hon. A. P. Sandies of the Ohio agri-
cultural commission was present and
made an address. At the close of the
afternoon session the hat was passed
around, and a collection of an even
\$100 was received and turned over to
the hall building committee. The new
hall is a one story frame building, is
thirty-two feet wide and sixty feet
long, with a large tile block basement
kitchen under the entire building, suit-
able for holding large grange ban-
quets. The hall was built upon the
general subscription plan and cost
when complete \$2,500, which includes
seating with 300 chairs, nine dining
room tables, dishes and linen. It is
lighted and heated with natural gas.
This hall is one of the largest and
best equipped for grange work in Jeffer-
son county. Wintersville grange
was organized in 1905 with fifty char-
ter members, and by the able work of
all its members it has kept on steadily
increasing until now it has over 150
members in good standing.

An Active Grange.

The following report from Jasper
Markley, lecturer of Nevada grange,
Wyandot county, O., shows what they
have been doing. "We have built an
addition to our hall, held a field meet-
ing, a pruning demonstration, an ice
cream festival, a picnic, a sparrow
hunting contest, a corn show, an oyster
supper, bought a new set of dishes,
installed a gasoline stove, repainted
our hall, and taken in many new mem-
bers, and began the year right by a
successful installation banquet, Jan. 2,
with a bread and cake show in con-
nection, and we always have a good pro-
gram."

RECENTLY a lady who had resided in a city of this county came
to Campbell to live. She told a Press representative that her sole rea-
son for coming here to live was because of the "dry" conditions that
exist here. Very good reason.

SELF-RELIANCE

THERE is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the
conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must
take himself for better or for worse as his portion; that though the
whole universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come
to him but through his toil bestowed upon that plot of ground which is
given to him to till. The power that resides in him is nature, and none
but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he
has tried.—Emerson.

Local and Personal

The Quality Shop, that's us. KING'S.

Rev. and Mrs. D. M. Marshman were
visiting friends in Campbell yesterday.

Ralston Allison and family are expected
home from Redwood park this afternoon.

Jack Fish was down from Mountain
View Tuesday for a few hours on busi-
ness.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Allen went to
Santa Cruz the first of the week for an
outing.

Miss Fern Brundage will go to Brook-
dale tomorrow with a party of Alameda
club girls for an outing.

Mrs. Clara Sloane is expected from
Berkeley tomorrow for a month's visit
with Genevieve Davis.

Miss Thelma Ritter who has been vis-
iting Mrs. Howard Higbie for the past
six months will leave tomorrow for her
home in New York City.

We make the pure "egg center" Ice-
Cream Chocolate. The most wholesome
and delicious confection known to the
candy trade. All flavors at KING'S.

Judge Gosbey was a pleasant caller in
Campbell yesterday talking up his nomi-
nation. Judge has little to fear for his
nomination, or election for that matter as
far as Campbell is concerned.

County Library at Campbell

Miss Stella Huntington, the new
County Librarian spent Friday of last
week in Campbell, becoming acquainted
with the people and finding out the situ-
ation here relative to the establishment
of one of the branch libraries. She ex-
pects to have five in working order
about the first of September and Camp-
bell will undoubtedly be one. The
supervisors are lending Miss Huntington
every assistance in her work and
branches will be established as fast as
possible but it will take at least a year to
get them all in shape.

As a beginner, a book case containing
50 books; 25 fiction, 15 juvenile and ten
on general subjects; are sent. These re-
main for three months, or longer if any
of them are wanted. These are not set
libraries, all of which come and return at
once. Special requests are forwarded as
soon as obtainable, and more volumes
as the demand grows.

Miss Huntington is thoroughly versed in
this and all branches of library work.
After graduating from Stanford she was
in the old San Jose library for several
months, then in the Mechanics' Institute
library in San Francisco three years,
and in the San Francisco state normal
library six years. After that she had
two years in the state library at Sacra-
mento and has spent four years in Yojo
county in this county library work.

The only requirements which are made
are a reliable custodian, the books in an
accessible place open to the public for
four hours a week. Applicants sign a
card with some one known to the librar-
ian as a responsible party, and books
are free. Some magazines are also pro-
vided.

Only desirable books are selected, and
the library can be made of great value to
the schools and public. Miss Hunting-
ton will probably be out on the opening
day to start things off ship shape.

- GLEE CLUB. a. Comrades in Arms
b. Just Smile
Messrs. Adam, Cramer, Smith, Kammerer, Palmer, Lanphear,
Herrington, Kennedy, Merrill, Barron, Carboni, Dawley
- Solo (Selected) Mrs. Jas. Moyle
- Reading (Selected) Miss Juliette Billiou
- "Rube Trio" "A Little Farm Well Tilled"
Messrs. A. L. Adam, H. C. Smith and Ernest Barron
- Solo "A Son of the Desert Am I" Mr. R. W. Simmons
- Male Quartet "In the Gloaming"
Messrs. A. Adam, E. Lanphear, H. Smith, C. Herrington
- Solo "Were I a Star" Miss Muriel Palmer

INTERMISSION

- Piano Solo, (Selected) Mr. E. A. Powers
- Solo (Selected) Mrs. Jas. Moyle
- Quartet (mixed) "The Family Doctor"
Miss Muriel Palmer Miss Marion Duncan
Mr. Ethen Lanphear Mr. Ernest Barron
- Duet "My Lord, My Lord" from Chimes of Normandie
Miss Muriel Palmer and Mr. R. W. Simmons
- Glee Club a. Lord Watch
b. Winter Song

ACCOMPANIST, MRS. G. S. ROBSON

S. G. Rodeck now has the mammoth
apple, showing an Alexander that weighs
18 ounces. He will send it to Mary
with some other home fruits for her en-
joyment during her convalescence.

Campbell Loses A Good Citizen and Fine Family

Mr. August Jorgenson and two young-
est daughters, Emma and Mabel, leave
San Jose this evening for their new
home at Encanto, this state. -Albert and
Alma, the two oldest children left yester-
day for Halleck, Minn., where they will
visit until cold weather. The young
ladies were tendered a farewell surprise
party the fore part of the week. Camp-
bell is losing a very good citizen in Mr.
Jorgenson and the many friends and
acquaintances of the family wish them
every success and happiness in their
new location.

Everybody Happy

The big home talent troupe of entertain-
ers showed to a full and appreciative
house last night and everybody is glad.
Compliments were freely passed about to
the various performers for their enter-
taining stunts and the friends deserve
many thanks for their patronage.

The Glee Club numbers at the open-
ing and closing were the best which that
organization has given.

Mrs. James Moyle, who is a recent
addition to Campbell's musical talent,
sang two pleasing solos. Her first ap-
pearance before the public here was a
marked success, her sweet soprano
voice winning immediate favor.

Miss Juliette Billiou whose numbers
are always popular gave a splendid ren-
dition of that difficult sketch—"A Set of
Turquoise."

The "Rube Trio" pulled off quite a
laughable "Inter-ruban" discussion as to
wifely qualifications.

Mr. R. W. Simmons of San Jose who
won such favor with the audience that
heard the "Chimes of Normandie," sang
that weirdly beautiful solo, "A Son of
the Desert Am I," which was thoroly
appreciated by his hearers.

The Male quartet came in for its share
of the applause, and was followed by
one of Campbell's most popular lady
singers, Miss Muriel Palmer, whose
solo, and duet with Mr. Simmons in the
second part were both charmingly ren-
dered. Miss Palmer will be greatly
missed when she leaves to take up her
school duties, as her extremely sweet
voice is always at the command of her
friends.

The mixed quartet in "The Family
Doctor" was the comedy feature and the
"scream" of the evening. "Doctor Puff
Stuff" in the person of Ethen Lanphear
thoroly demonstrated the performer's
mistaken calling, for he handles the lan-
guage like a professional patent medicine
doctor. Misses Marion Duncan and
Muriel Palmer, as mother and daughter,
had the old man, Ernest Barron, well in
hand and he played the part of the in-
valid dad in real style. The duets, trio
and quartet pieces were given in pretty
harmony.

One of the pleasant features of the
evening was the presentation of an alu-
minum coffee percolator to Mrs. G. S.
Robson for her untiring efforts in the
cause of local musical events. This is a
gift from the Campbell Choral Society
and Glee Club as a token of the high
esteem and appreciation of her work.
Dr. Merrill made a very fitting presenta-
tion speech.

Political Advertisem't

Justice of the Peace
of Campbell Township
A. J. FARLEY

Present Incumbent

My Motto Is:
"Legal Impartial Judgment"

Mrs. Flora H. Benner

Candidate for

Justice of the Peace for

Campbell Township

Primary Election August 25, 1914

Candidate for

Constable of Campbell Township

T. L. SHARP

Present Incumbent

J. D. SAWYER

Candidate for Constable

Campbell Township

Primary Election Aug. 25, 1914.

John Roll

Candidate for Supervisor

4th Supervisorial District.

Primary Election Aug. 25, 1914.

H. L. WILLIAMS

Candidate for

Supervisor of 4th District

Primary Election August 25, 1914

LANGFORD

For

SHERIFF

BE SURE TO VOTE

August 25th

D. T. BATEMAN

Candidate for

COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT

OF SCHOOLS

(Incumbent)

Primary Election August 25, 1914

ARTHUR M. FREE

(Incumbent)

For

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Santa Clara County

Primary Election August 25, 1914

General Election November 3, 1914

William A. Beasley

(Incumbent)

Candidate for

Judge of the Superior Court

Primary Election, Aug. 25, 1914

General Election, Nov. 25, 1915

Bradford S. Crittenden

For

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Non-Partisan County Conference

Candidate

Primary Election August 25, 1914

Hugh A. DeLacy

Ex-Chief of Police of San Jose

Ex-Under Sheriff Santa Clara Co.

Candidate FOR SHERIFF

Of Santa Clara County

HIS NAME WILL APPEAR ON

EVERY TICKET

Primary Election August 25, 1914

General Election November 3, 1914

Irving L. Ryder

Candidate for

COUNTY SURVEYOR

Primary Election August 25, 1914

H. W. Otter

Candidate for

COUNTY ASSESSOR

Santa Clara County

Primary Election August 25, 1914

General Election November 3, 1914

Arthur Langford, county sheriff, was
here yesterday renewing old acquaint-
ances and making new. He is an aspir-
ant for the nomination for sheriff and
was here in the interest of his campaign.
The one complaint Arthur has to make
of the Campbell people is that there is so
little doing in these parts in his line that
he hardly has a call to come this way.
And he isn't complaining because he
knows we are all good citizens. He is
making his campaign on his record and
it's the good citizens that he is appealing
to with this record.

HOW'S THIS ?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward
for any case of catarrh that cannot be
cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F.
J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and be-
lieve him perfectly honorable in all his
business transactions and financially able
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